A Satyr againſt Whoring;

In Anſwer to a

Satyr againſt Marriage.

SLaves to Debauchery and Luſtful Rage,
That drein the Streets and proſtitute the Stage,
Begot in heat of Luſt on *Hackney* Whores,
Souls wrapt in Excrements of common Shoars,
Standing for patterns, 'fore the Limners Eye
To draw the Luſtful God *Priapus* by.
Pox take 'em all! This Curſe I doubt's too late,
It long has been, 'tis like, your Whoring Fate;
Then all the Curſes even *Sodom* knew,
Or pocky Jilts, light on your Race and You;
Inflam'd by Luſt, may you with Paſſion move,
And have the Pox return'd inſtead of Love;
May you with ſtinking Breaths paſs Unador'd,
And Breath a fulſom Clap at every Word;
May Dreams diſturb by Night, and Whores by Day,
And Ravenous Shankers eat your Fleſh away;
May Sores without, and Fervent Heat within,
Conſume and waſt away your Loathſom Skin;
May you be ſo debaucht, ſo vilely Lewd,
'Till grown ſo great, Luſt cannot be Renew'd;
'Till one ſad Ach expels another pain,
And Claps in Circles meet with Claps again;
'Till Stone, and Gout, and Stranguries Contend,
Which to *Old-Nick* your Luſtful Soul ſhall ſend;
Haulting may you in Lifes dull Journey go,
Condemn'd to Stews above, and Hell below;
May Bawling Bawds about your dwellings roame,
And all your Spurious Iſſue haunt your home;

Having

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Having ſpent all your Wealth in Leachery,
May you unpitied on a Dunghil die,
May all theſe Curſes, and ten thouſand more
Then all the Angry Gods have in their Store,
Light on you; then may Darted Vengeance come,
With hoorded Bolts of Wrath to raiſe your Tomb.
Gods! why o'er Nature did you take ſuch Care,
In making Women exquiſitely Fair?
Why build you dazling Altars like the Skies,
And do provide no better Votaries
Then men? Laſcivious men, whoſe Luſtful frown
Spoils all that's fair, and pulls what's Sacred down;
Will all enjoy, and Married be to none,
Though Nature dictates only to uſe one:
In broken Language Beaſts by pairs do prate,
The cooing Dove bills but his Single Mate;
But man, unbounded man! Attempts all ill,
His Luſt is grown as Boundleſs as his Will;
That Name call'd *Husband* is of Terror full,
The State Uneaſie, Melancholy, Dull;
The Kennel, Kitchin, Oyſter, rampant Whore,
Before a Wife, 's the Creature they Adore.
What Sot would Wander? that has by his Side
The Powerful Charms of a Smiling Bride,
Cool as the coldeſt Night, and Chaſter far
Then *Anchorets* or *Veſtal Virgins* are,
Whoſe equal Love, do's equal Heat Inſpire,
Prompted by Kindneſs not a baſe Deſire;
In whoſe Embraces gladly paſs away
Whole tedious years in but one Halcyon day.
Fate Favours him, (not) that makes him ſpend his Life,
Doom'd to thoſe Golden Chains, to pleaſe a *Wife*.

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